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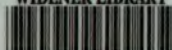
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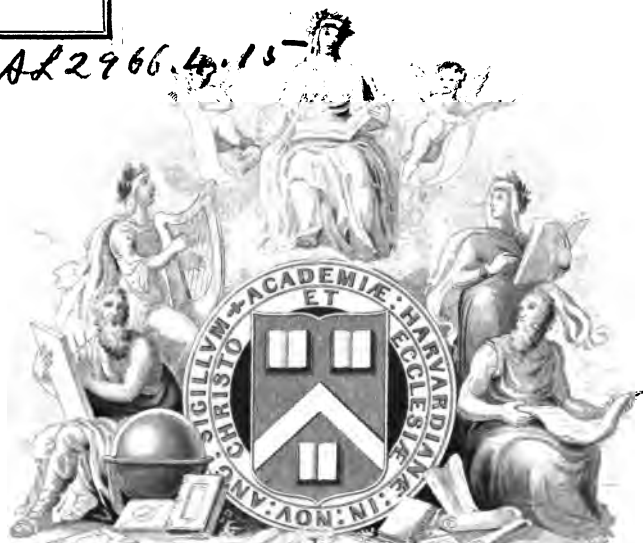
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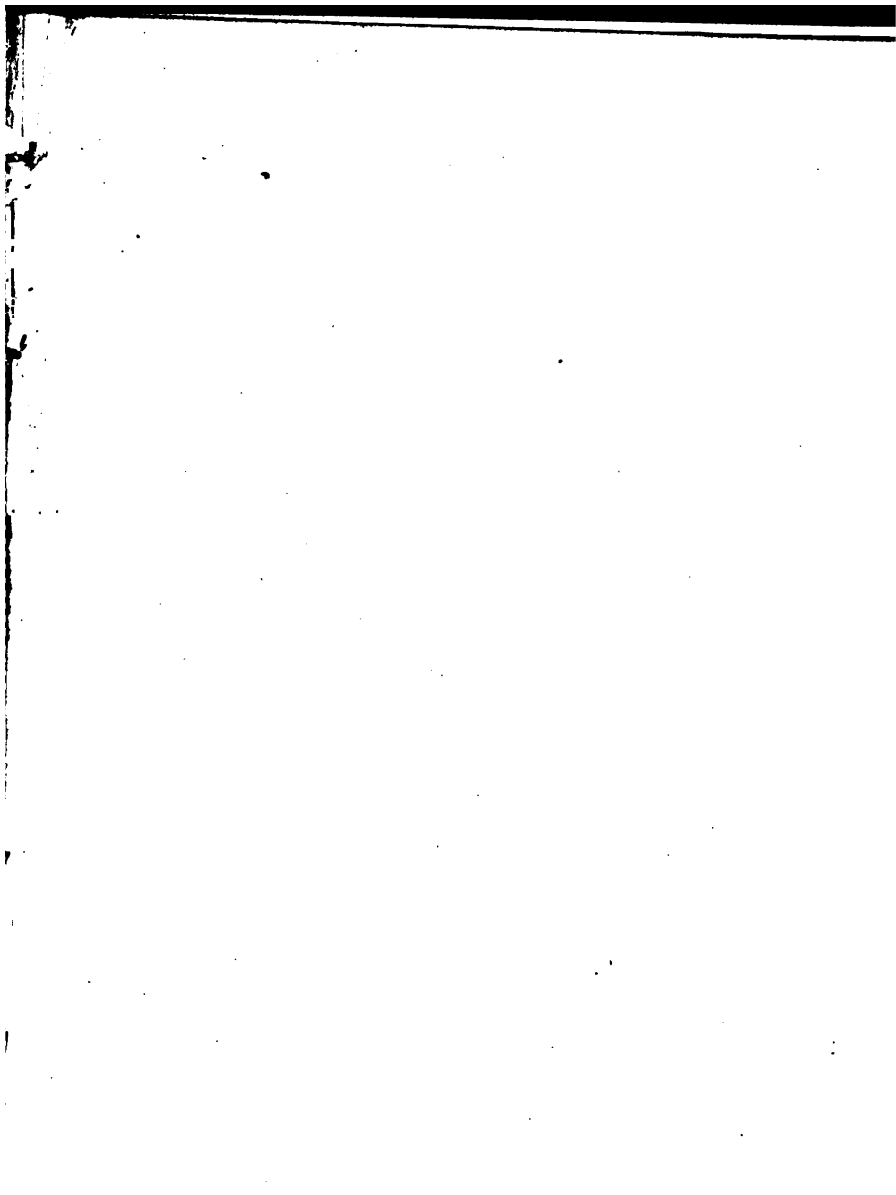
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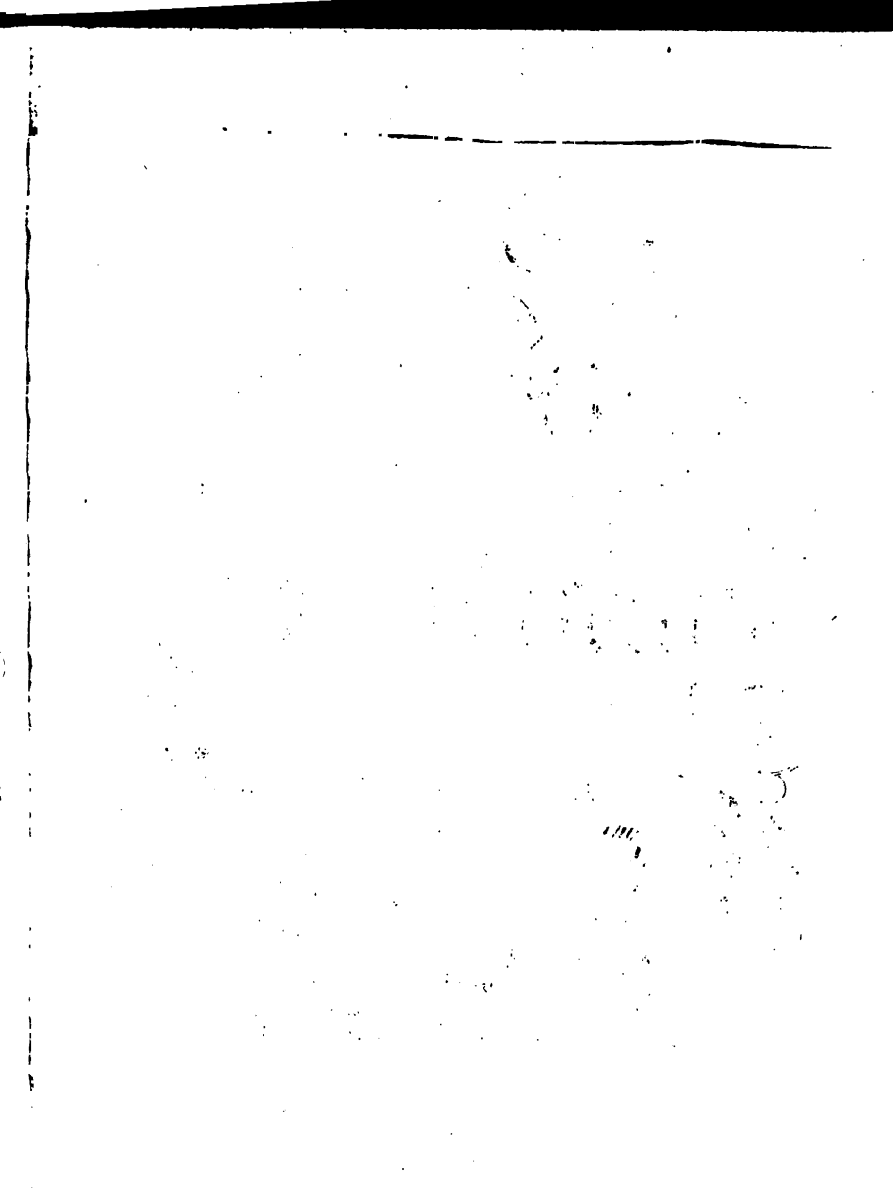


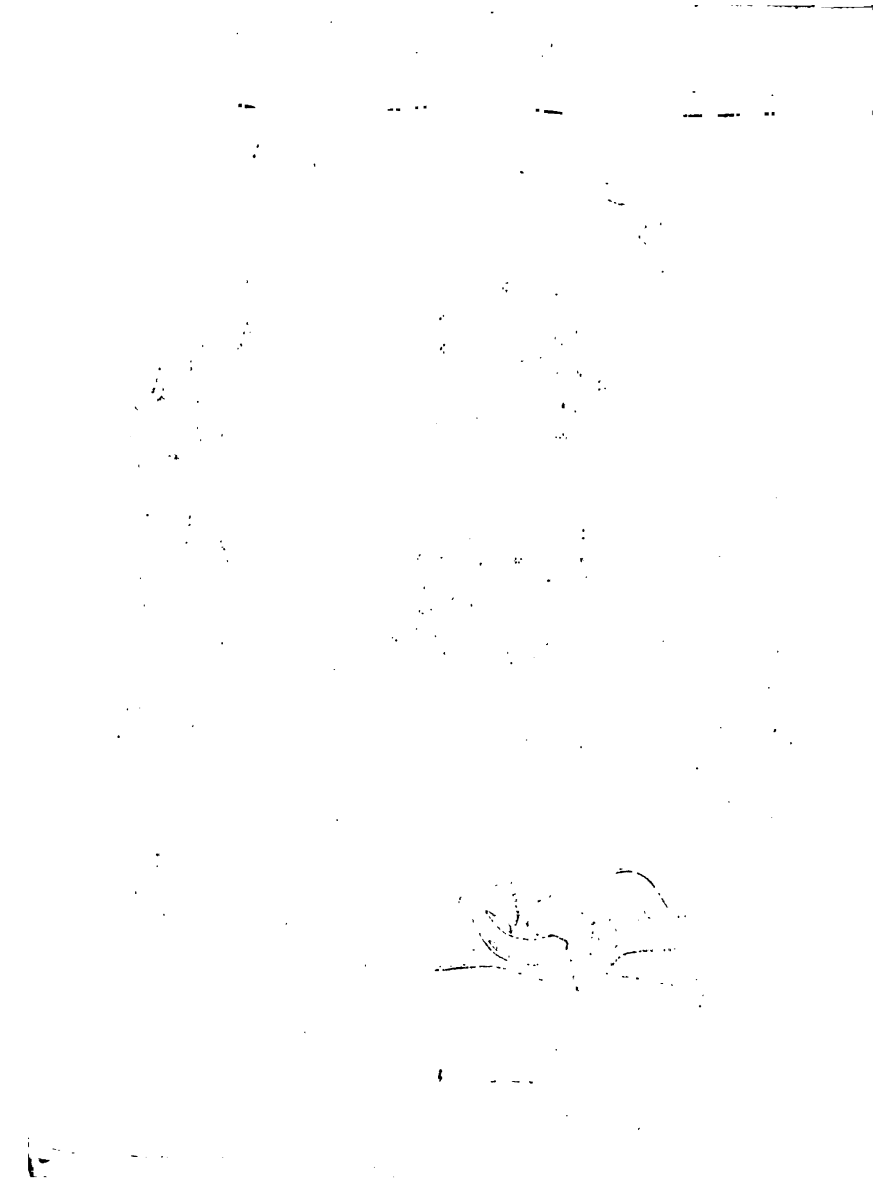
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LUCY.







Lucy Herbert

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE

James Munroe & Company

1853.



6
LUCY HERBERT,

OR

The Little Girl

WHO WOULD HAVE AN EDUCATION.

By ESTELLE.

Mrs. Piper, of Woburn.

WITH EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE :
JAMES MUNROE & COMPANY.

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LUCY HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH.

"Bring flowers, the brightest and fairest,
Though fleetest and falsest their hue,
For all that is sweetest and rarest
Is withering too."

ABOUT three miles from the city of L., on a road that leads to the sea, is a little brook, which on account of its natural beauty is called Pleasant Brook. In summer it flows gently and musically along, reflecting in its blue depths the beautiful trees and shrubs which overhang it and dip their foliage in its cool waters. But in the spring, when the ice and snow are melting, this is anything but a gentle stream, for it then rushes

madly to its ocean home, as if it scorned to stop and dally with the now dry shrubs which in the summer-time sported on its bosom. Over the brook a rustic bridge is placed for the convenience of the inhabitants of the little hamlet concealed by the clump of large trees seen in the distance.

At the end of the bridge, almost hidden by shrubs, is a cottage where the heroine of our tale dwelt. There is much about the external appearance of this little dwelling to attract the attention of the passer-by; it is small, only one story in height, but everything about it gives evidence that a tasteful and skilful person has been its occupant. True, there is only a rough rail fence around the little garden, but this is neatly whitewashed, and lovely trailing vines are trained over it and nearly conceal its roughness, and rose-bushes, lilacs, and other shrubs are scattered about with that delightful apparent carelessness which gives ease and

grace to everything. Some pots of rare plants stand under the windows, and seem by their costliness to give evidence of more of this world's goods than the external appearance of the cottage would warrant.

But we will enter. No one appears to greet us, we have stepped so softly; and while we wait for an answer to our knock, we will describe the internal aspect of the room where we are. It is as neat as possible; a table and a few chairs are its only furniture; opposite the entrance is a back door from which a fine view of the ocean is obtained; a distant vessel is receding, without a sound, on the vast expanse of waters, a mere speck to the eye, interrupting the idea of endless space. Far out in the distance, is an island on which a single white cottage and a tall light-house are seen. Near this building, which is called the Mariner's Hope, a black mass of rocks rear their heads; these are covered at high water, and many, many times in dark nights have the blazing lights from the

lantern of the Mariner's Hope saved the voyager from destruction when almost in sight of his home and his hearth-fire. Our reverie is interrupted by the approach of a little girl, whose lovely countenance and mild dark eye promise an agreeable acquaintance.

"Will you walk in and see mother, ma'am? she is better, I hope, to-day, and will be glad to see you."

I immediately accepted the friendly invitation, and upon entering a neat bedroom, saw upon a couch a female who must once have been very handsome, for the outlines of her features were still beautiful. She held out her thin hand to me, and then commenced an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship which lasted until death called my friend to a happier home, where the tears which she had so abundantly shed on earth were forever wiped away.

Her disease was that insidious but flattering one, consumption, and she lingered



THE MARINER'S HOPE.

for months. At one time so bright, so free from pain, that her child, who seemed to live but for her, hoped on and was sure that her beloved mother would be spared in answer to her prayers. Another day of weakness, of utter prostration, convinced the child, however, that she must soon part from that dear mother who was all the world to her. As our friendship ripened, Mrs. Herbert related to me the incidents of her life. She was an orphan, dependent upon the bounty of a rich but unprincipled uncle, who always viewed with displeasure the superior beauty of his niece when compared with the decidedly plain exterior of his daughters, and vented his spleen upon the orphan, whose situation was thus made as uncomfortable as possible.

Isabel was kept in the background, and seldom saw any but the most intimate friends of her uncle's family. One luxury, (for such she deemed it), was not denied her; this was free access to a large and

well-selected library which had belonged to her grandfather, and which was seldom disturbed by her cousins, who called Isabel the "bookworm;" which appellation she heeded not, if suffered to follow her inclinations to peruse the volumes, which amply repaid her for much of the ill treatment which she received. In this way she passed many hours when the family were at some place of amusement. One evening she was interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman whose pleasant voice and agreeable manners made a very favorable impression upon her. He was from the sunny south, and had been intimately acquainted with Isabel's uncle's family for years. He had just arrived in the city, and, intending to surprise them, had entered the house unannounced; but finding no one in the parlors, he had passed on to the library, supposing he should find them there. Upon seeing Isabel, he was so well pleased with her appearance and with her sensible remarks

that he remained some time, and retired determining to know more of a lady whom, he was convinced, would fill, as his wife, in a measure, the loss of near and dear friends. Further interviews increased this regard, and, being very wealthy, Mr. Herbert resolved, if Isabel would allow him, to educate her, and when delicacy would admit of it to claim her as his bride. All the opposition that jealousy could instigate was made by the uncle and cousins, who wished to have Herbert allied to themselves by nearer ties. Their ill nature availed them not, however, and at the age of twenty, Isabel Morton became the wife of Charles Herbert. It was not for his wealth, station, or personal appearance that Isabel loved him, but on account of his kindness, his truth, his generosity, which, in giving her an education, had opened in her mind and heart sources of moral and intellectual enjoyment; this, together with his real worth, which upon a nearer acquaintance

became better known to her, made her the devoted and affectionate wife which she proved, until death entered their happy home and bore him from her.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. Herbert had entered into mercantile pursuits, and at first prospered, but by the villany of others he was deprived of nearly all his property, and this wore upon him and hastened the crisis of a disease which had already deprived him of many near and dear relatives. Isabel had enjoyed her husband's prosperity, and deeply felt his misfortunes. She never mourned for lost comforts for herself, for she would cheerfully have fed on coarse food, and worn poor garments, but she could not bear to see the effect the change in their circumstances was making in him; and this called forth all the energies of her character. She parted with her rich furniture without a sigh, and rejoiced that she was freed from many engagements which had prevented her from devoting as much time

as she wished to the education of their only child, whom she had taken from the expensive school where she had been sent previous to the change which had taken place in their fortune.

When the heavy losses of Mr. Herbert had broken his constitution, brought on and developed his fearful disease, his wife was like an angel about his bed. No fatigue seemed to sadden, no watching to weary her; he died blessing her, and left poor Isabel again alone in the world. No, not alone, for her child was spared, and as the mother pressed to her heart that lovely daughter, she felt that she had yet much to bless Him for, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and the firmness and perseverance of that mother, developed by the strong affections of her heart, led her to overcome obstacles which in other circumstances she would have sunk under. Her strength and courage increased in proportion to the difficulties which surrounded her, and, after weary

days and nights spent in toil, she had been enabled to purchase the little cottage at Pleasant Brook, to which she had removed soon after the death of her husband. Here the widow and her child had passed several years. Much of happiness had they both experienced in this humble home. Lucy had been to her mother an inexpressible comfort; she seemed to be gifted with some of the purest affections of our nature; it was a delight to her to contribute to the happiness of others, and for her mother she would make any sacrifice; and that mother returned her affection with an endearing, faithful, and intense love which only a *mother* can bestow. Lucy was guided, and ruled entirely by the law of love, and when she had been guilty of any fault, a few words of tenderness would always cause her to beg for forgiveness on her mother's bosom. Mrs. Herbert, being unable to send her child to such a school as she wished, had

instructed her herself as much as was in her power. Lucy from the age of four years had manifested a great desire to learn, and would commit with avidity the tasks which her mother set her. Mrs. Herbert had endeavored to impress upon the mind of her child the importance of an education; and to obtain this seemed to be the ardent desire of the little one's heart.

Time was passing; each year added to the store of her knowledge and to her affection for the parent to whom she owed so much. She was a happy child, yet she was ever busy; even when allowed to devote a little time to herself, she would gather blossoms, and, as she had been taught something with regard to the classification and arrangement of them, she strove to learn more by hard study, and in this way seemed to improve every moment.

She would often repeat to her mother

the following, which had been taught her as she wandered among the flowers: —

“The world is full of loveliness
Where'er the sunbeams fall,
Where'er the wandering breezes blow —
For beauty reigns o'er all!

It fills the circling universe:
The All-sustaining Power,
It gleams in each eternal star,
It breathes in ev'ry flower!

The whole wide earth is beautiful!
The silent void on high
Is one vast fountain of delight
That never can run dry.”

Lucy was now eleven years of age, and was giving rare promise of loveliness both in person and mind. She had made such progress in her studies, that her mother felt more and more desirous of sending her to some suitable school, but at present her circumstances precluded her from accomplishing this object.

It was on one of those warm, bright days in the Indian summer, that Lucy and her mother went forth for a walk;

they sat down on a stone by the side of the brook, and Mrs. Herbert, gently drawing her daughter towards her, said, "My child, I now realize the mistake I have made in leading so secluded a life; I perhaps might have retained some of the friends that I knew in your father's lifetime."

"Dear mother, why do you wish it? we are very happy as we are, and our neighbors, who are, many of them, poorer than we, love us, and why should we wish for better friends?"

"My child, your mother cannot be always with you, and I am desirous of knowing some one who can care for you, and love you when I am gone; some one who has the means, and the will, to assist you in completing your education."

Lucy glanced at her mother with a frightened start, and, thinking that she looked pale, said, "Are you sick, mother, that you talk thus about dying?" The mother did not reply at once. "Dear

mother, do not deceive me, you are ill and have concealed it from me; why do you not have a physician? there must be hope yet." "The time has now come, my dear Lucy, when I must speak to you of what I trusted I should not be obliged to mention. I hoped to be better, and have therefore delayed. But I feel now, my dear child, that the disease of which your father died, has fastened itself upon me, and we must therefore think of what you will do when I am gone. I feared to defer this conversation longer, for death often comes in this disease when least expected."

"Oh, mother, you will not die; it cannot be; I have never thought of it in connection with you; there is, there must be hope!" and the poor child fell upon her mother's bosom, which she wet with her tears. From this time, Lucy saw that her parent failed, and words are inadequate to express the agony that the thought of parting with that beloved

friend gave her. She tried to be calm, lest her tears should distress her mother; but when she was alone she was completely overwhelmed. Day by day that mother grew weaker; and when the leaves began to fall, and their bright hues faded, which told that death had marked them for his own, that pale mother kept her couch. She seemed to suffer no pain, but to be gradually growing weaker and weaker. "God will provide a friend for you, my daughter, for the fatherless and motherless are his peculiar care; you have ever been an obedient and good child to me, and I know He will take care of you when I am no more."

This conversation was interrupted by my entrance, and during my stay the countenance of Mrs. Herbert looked so much better and her voice was so clear, that hope dwelt again in Lucy's heart. "She will not die, dear lady," said she as we went to the door; she is more cheerful and stronger than she has been for

weeks." I could not bear to check the hopes of the child, but I knew that her mother must soon pass away.

Weeks flew by, and Mrs. Herbert slowly but surely grew feebler. She spoke much, and prayed much for her child. She was free from pain, and was so grateful, so happy, that it was delightful to be with her; thus she continued until one sweet, calm, starlight night she was ushered by attendant angels to her heavenly home.

For a long time Lucy would not be comforted, day after day was spent at her mother's grave. Her neighbors offered her their heartfelt sympathy and she was grateful for it, but time only could heal, in a measure, such deep wounds as she had received. No one could compensate her, or make up to her the friend she had lost.



THE MOTHER.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORPHAN'S TRIALS.

Oh ! who will love the motherless ?
Oh, who will shield the head
Which has been pillowed on the breast
Now resting with the dead ?

LUCY remained at the cottage which her mother had so loved as long as possible, but remembering the earnest desire of that parent that her education should go on until she should be able to teach others, she determined to make any sacrifice of personal feeling to attain this end.

By the advice of friends the cottage was sold and the avails deposited where they would be of the most advantage to the orphan. Long she hesitated, and hard was the trial to her to part with that home where so many happy years had

been spent. Every flower, every vine which the loved hands of her mother had trained, was endeared to Lucy by associations which none but persons who have been placed in similar circumstances can appreciate, and bitter tears wrung from her heart moistened them as she looked at them for the last time as her own. It was hardest, however, to bid adieu to the sacred spot in which was deposited the loved remains of that dear mother. The orphan knelt for a few moments on the grave and arose strengthened, and resolved to do her duty, and perform to the best of her knowledge whatever lay before her in her onward path. I had heard of a situation which Lucy and myself, upon consulting with regard to the matter, had thought best for her to accept. This was with a widow lady of large fortune, whose health was poor, and who was desirous of having a companion who could amuse and read to her a portion of each day. She lived about ten miles from L. in a

pleasant country residence in summer, and at L. in the winter. She had promised to provide Lucy with clothing, and to allow her to attend an excellent school in the neighborhood, part of each day; she was also to have a few dollars every year deposited in the savings bank for her, which was to be increased if the lady liked her as she grew older and could make herself of more service.

It was a pleasant morning when Lucy and myself commenced our short ride to the residence of Mrs. Ashton, where we soon arrived. We were ushered into a parlor handsomely furnished, and giving evidence of wealth and the luxuries and comforts which it produces. The views from the windows were very fine, and I congratulated myself that the orphan would at least have opportunities of enjoying the beauties of nature, for which I knew she had a strong attachment. We had been told that Mrs. Ashton's disposition was irritable, and that it required patience and for-

bearance to endure her capricious moods. Lucy I knew had an excellent disposition, and I felt assured that she would suit the lady if anybody could. Our conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of the person of whom both were thinking. Mrs. Ashton was over fifty years of age, she was tall and thin, with a sallow complexion, dark piercing eyes, and an expression of fretfulness which even the gracious smile which she bestowed upon us could not entirely overcome. She had been left a widow a few years before, and had since passed her time in nursing herself on account of imaginary ill health, and in finding fault with, and exchanging domestics; and the poor woman really believed that nobody was troubled like herself in this respect. But as good mistresses generally have good domestics, the lady's views on this subject were probably erroneous.

"How old are you, child," said Mrs. Ashton to Lucy.

“Thirteen in April, Madam.”

“I think you may suit me, and if so, you will have an excellent place; I am not at all difficult, and you will have but little, very little to do, merely to read to and amuse me when I am sick, for my health is extremely delicate. You can please me if you will, but I place no dependence upon ‘help’ now-a-days, they are as bad as they can be; but you look neat, that is one recommendation.” All this was uttered in the hardest, coldest tone, and struck upon Lucy’s affectionate heart in such a manner, that it at once checked its fond gushings which welled forth towards every creature that would return her affection even in the least degree.

She replied, “I shall try hard, ma’am, to do my duty, and hope to be able to please you.”

Much exists even in the tones of a voice, to affect a person of fine sensibilities, and I saw at once that poor Lucy’s trials had begun.

I was soon obliged to take leave of her, and as I pressed her hand at parting, and looked into her sweet face, I saw there an expression of resignation which touched my heart and caused tears all unbidden to roll down my cheeks.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Ashton, "you may read to me in this book, as there is nothing else for you to do at present. You are not tired I suppose, as you have only come a short distance. I like to see people about me busy, I cannot endure idleness." After uttering these words Mrs. Ashton leaned back in a luxurious chair, and folding her hands prepared in the most comfortable manner to listen to, and criticise Lucy's reading.

"Don't drawl, child."

"I will try not to, ma'am."

"There, now, you read as if you were compelled for your life to get through the book in a certain time. This will not do, shut the book, and here are some stockings for you to mend; I hope you will do

them better than you read." Mrs. Ashton gave Lucy as she spoke a pair of hose which appeared to be in the last state of dilapidation.

"There, see that they are well mended. I am very particular; you will get them done before night, as you will not go to school until next week."

Long and patiently Lucy bent over her task, she tried to hope all would be well and that she should succeed in pleasing Mrs. Ashton; but thoughts of her mother, that dear friend to whom she could ever speak without reserve, whom she could ever love and trust, now gone forever, came over her and caused her young heart to ache almost to bursting. She had been taught by that mother to put her trust in Him who is the orphan's friend, and she soon overcome her feelings, suppressed her regrets, and strove to strengthen her right resolves.

She knew that there was much for her to do in the world, and although she was

young and poor, yet she could make herself useful to her fellow-creatures, and that true peace only could be found in a conscientious performance of duty.

Finding that Mrs. Ashton said nothing the next week about her going to school, Lucy felt that it was right to remind her of her promise. Accordingly, one morning when that lady had found less fault with her than usual, she ventured to name the subject. It was received less ungraciously than she had dared to hope, and Mrs. Ashton promised that she should commence the next Monday. This promise was kept, although many and bitter complaints were made about the selfishness of people, her own sufferings, &c. A new life was now open to Lucy. The school which she attended was about half a mile from Mrs. Ashton's, and the path to it led through delightful fields, shaded with fine trees and watered by a gentle rivulet, whose windings Lucy dearly loved to trace when a little time was given her to devote

to her pleasure. This was seldom, but she prized it the more when it did come. Oh ! how sweetly sang the birds, and how green was the grass, how lovely the flowers to the eye and ear of the child, as she went on her way ; the spirit within her bounded with delight as she felt the invigorating influences of the fresh breeze, and the thousand charms which were spread around her. At school she met with companions whom she could love, and who loved her truly in return. Who indeed could help it ? for her whole life was spent in discharging the offices of affection to all living things which came within her influence. Not a drooping flower but shared her tenderness, a feeble bird or weeping child alike received her care, and in thus evidencing her lovely nature, she often forgot the trials which she was constantly compelled to bear at home. She improved rapidly in mind and heart, she was as dearly loved by her teacher as by the scholars ; and as we are

apt to prize highly what we obtain with difficulty, so the more obstacles which were thrown in her way by Mrs. Ashton, only incited her to strive the harder to improve when she had the opportunity. By constantly remembering the comforts and blessings which she was receiving, and dwelling as little as possible upon her trials, Lucy enjoyed much happiness, and at night she could seek the protection of Heaven without a feeling of shame and self-condemnation. The simplicity and ingenuousness of her manners, the blushing modesty of her sweet face, upon which the impress of truth and innocence were so evident, compelled even Mrs. Ashton to admit to a visitor who was praising Lucy, that the child was very well. This lady, however, was still as capricious as ever, and often spoke to the child before strangers, in a manner which caused her heart to ache, and her eyes to fill with tears.

Painfully as she felt the indignities to which her humble condition exposed her,

she showed her sensibility to these insults only by increasing her endeavors to please ; and she still hoped to win her mistress's regard, and one kindly word encouraged her to persevere.

One day Mrs. Ashton had a young lady call upon her, whose lovely expression of countenance, and the kindly words in which she addressed her, completely won Lucy's heart. During her stay, Mrs. Ashton spoke to the orphan in so severe a manner that with all her efforts she could not suppress her tears. This seemed to irritate Mrs. Ashton still more, and when she remarked to her visitor that tears were ever at Lucy's command, the poor child's efforts to suppress her feelings almost suffocated her.

"Go from the room, child," said Mrs. Ashton, in high, sharp tones ; "and I do trust you will presently learn to be less of a baby." Lucy gladly did as she was bidden, and instantly hastening to her own little room, she knelt, and prayed

that if she had any wrong feelings towards Mrs. Ashton, they might be forgiven, and that she might have strength given her to bear and forbear. She arose from her knees, feeling much calmer, and trying to think of some little attention which would add to her mistress's comfort without being obtrusive in its nature. She went into the garden to gather some beautiful daisies, which were now in their most perfect state. As she stooped to pluck them, a brilliantly colored bird flew upon her shoulder, and settling itself quietly, began to pour forth such a sweet, soft gush of melody, that the delighted child forgot everything of an unpleasant nature, and gave herself up entirely, her whole soul absorbed in listening to the soothing notes of her charming feathered visitor. So blissful were the emotions occasioned by this incident, that she almost imagined that this was a Heaven-sent visitant to cheer her in her loneliness, and she began to warble a song which she had

often heard her mother sing, and which was a great favorite with her:—

“Thou art come from the spirit-land, thou bird,
Thou art come from the spirit-land;
Through the deep pine groves let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy land.
We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there;
They are there, and — they weep no more!”

She sang so softly, that the bird, evidently a tame one, did not stir, but fixing his bright eyes upon her face, seemed to listen with pleasure, resting assured that he was safe in making such a selection of a friend. As the two, Lucy and the bird, stood thus, the young lady, who had just visited Mrs. Ashton, passed through the garden on her way home. “Why, Billy,” said she, “how came you here? How did you get out of your cage? you are a sad runaway, and must be punished.”

“Oh, do not punish him, dear lady,” said Lucy; “but I know *you would* not hurt him, you are too amiable to injure anything.”

"You perhaps have a better opinion of me than I deserve, Lucy. Billy is too much of a pet, however, to be very severely punished; but I must learn him to stay at home, or perhaps he will not always find so kind a friend as he has to-day found in you, who seem to love him very much already."

"Yes, dear lady, I could not help it, he came to me when I felt almost as if without friends, and first he sang me a song, and now the dear little creature seems unwilling to leave me."

"Keep him, my sweet Lucy, and make me happy by accepting from one who already loves you, something which will, I hope, prove a remembrancer between us. Mrs. Ashton tells me that you are an orphan; I can feel for you, in that respect, for I lost my beloved mother when I was only eight years of age; but Heaven in mercy left me a kind father who tries every way in his power to supply her loss, and I have also brothers and sisters

who love me, and are so kind to me that I cannot be sad. I want you to love me, my child, for I already feel a deep interest in you."

"I do love you with all my heart, Miss Leonard," replied Lucy, deeply touched with so much kindness, "but I fear I am selfish in robbing you of your bird, who knows you so well, and to whom you must be so much attached."

"I have several others, Lucy, and one of my brothers has taken great care to train them and learn them many pretty tricks. I can spare Billy just as well as not, and am delighted to think the runaway has found so kind a mistress as I know you will prove to him. He is a good singer, and Mrs. Ashton tells me that she loves to hear canaries sing, therefore she will not object to your having him, I am quite sure. I will send Billy's castle (as we call his cage) over by my little brother when he goes to school. And now I must go, my sweet Lucy, for

pa' will wait for me if I am not at home to dine with him ;" and imprinting a kiss upon the child's open brow, and giving her a cordial invitation to come and see her soon, Miss Leonard went on her way.

- When Lucy returned to the room where Mrs. Ashton was sitting, that lady said, in quite a cordial tone, "Where did you get that beautiful bird? It is the finest canary I have seen, and greatly resembles one that I had many years since. I like birds best when they are free; all but such as have been reared in cages like canaries which would almost immediately lose their lives from the severity of our climate, and from various other causes if allowed their liberty; those of course knowing nothing of freedom, do not feel it a deprivation to be caged. But you have not yet told me how you came by this."

"He alighted on my shoulder, ma'am, as I was plucking flowers in the garden,

and began to sing so sweetly that I quite forgot that he did not belong to me, until Miss Leonard came out and recognised him as her bird, which had probably escaped from his cage during her absence. She was so kind as to insist upon my keeping him as a present, and promised to send his cage as soon as she returned home. If his singing disturbs you, madam, I will keep him in my own room, where you will not hear it."

"I shall like to hear him when my head does not ache," said Mrs. Ashton, "and when that occurs I will request you to remove him. As soon as his cage comes we will hang it at this window where the plants are, and that will satisfy all parties." And rising with considerable condescension (for her), Mrs. Ashton made arrangements with her own hands for Billy's cage. In due time it arrived completely furnished with all the conveniences necessary, and being of a beautiful Gothic form, it, with its elegant occupant, were really most

picturesque and interesting objects. Billy seemed to attach himself more and more to his young mistress. Every night he was removed to her chamber, and if it was cold his cage was enveloped in warm flannel, and every morning he awoke Lucy with his sweet songs, and in this way amply repaid her for the care which she bestowed upon him. His notes seemed to increase in power and richness as the light step of his young mistress approached; and Mrs. Ashton said, "that she really believed Billy's music had a peculiar attraction, for never, on any summer before, had there seemed to be so many and such sweet singing-birds around the house."

One thing was certain, and much it delighted Lucy to observe and realize it; if Mrs. Ashton was ill-natured and spoke harshly to her, Billy invariably sang in his loudest tones, as if determined to drown, in a gush of melody, the unkind words addressed to his beloved mistress.

It is said, "That music has charms to soothe a savage breast," and the incident related above would seem to prove the words of the poet true to the letter, for Mrs. Ashton frequently finished a sentence which had a very ill-natured beginning with a pleasant smile as she would remark, "Well, Lucy, it seems utterly impossible to scold where Billy is," and all the rest of the day the lady would be amiable and condescending.

If Lucy had not loved her bird before, the effect which his singing produced would have made her love him now with a deep and strong affection. She often took him from his cage and gently pressed him to her heart as she thought of this; and one day Mrs. Ashton opening her door unexpectedly found her thus, and as she looked at the beautiful group, determined to have the portraits of both taken as nearly in the position in which she found them as the artist could paint them. The expression of deep love which rested

on the face of Lucy at that moment could perhaps never again dwell there unless she were entirely alone, and perfectly unconscious of being looked at. The artist, however, made a very beautiful picture of Lucy and a tame dove, which all our readers may see by looking at the plate. But now we will tell you something more about Miss Leonard, the young lady who so kindly gave Lucy the bird.

By Mrs. Ashton's permission, Lucy saw her quite often, and the interest of each in the other increased at every interview. Miss Leonard was a lady of a noble nature and a warm heart; she was the eldest of a family of six children, who had been left without a mother at a tender age. Deep sorrow for this mother's loss and care over younger brothers and sisters had early matured Frances' character, and so kind, so judicious, and so unselfish were her counsels to these children, that they realized at once that sister Frances was right, and always said, when invited

to go anywhere, "If sister Frances is willing, or if sister thinks it best." In short, they never seemed to enjoy themselves unless sister Frances partook of their pleasures and sports. Many were the agreeable surprises on birth and holidays, which this kind sister planned for them, and many were the wise plans laid, and the pennies saved to provide something worthy of sister Frances' acceptance on her birthday by the affectionate brothers and sisters. Even Eddy, only four years old, added his portion to the general contribution, and a proud and happy little fellow was he when upon the presentation day, it was announced to Frances that Master Eddy had exhausted his treasury in her behalf, and sweet and loving was the kiss bestowed upon him by the dear sister for whom he had contributed his mite.

The days which Lucy spent with this family, seemed to be unalloyed with sorrow or regret, only that they passed so

rapidly; and she felt that she could never say enough expressive of her gratitude to them all for their kindness.

But a sad trial awaited this affectionate family, and Lucy was able, in a measure, to repay them her debt of gratitude.

One evening, Lucy, Frances, and the children had been out for a walk, to a favorite green lawn which was shaded with noble trees, which were now in the full glow and luxuriance of summer foliage, and were spreading their long arms over the seats which the children had selected. A gentle breeze wafted them to and fro, and the little ones called them their fans, which Eddy said were very kind to move for them so that they had no trouble of fanning themselves. As they arose to go home Lucy observed that Frances shivered and looked pale; her affectionate heart was immediately alarmed, lest her friend should be ill, and running to her she said, "Are you sick, my dear Miss Leonard?"

"No, Lucy, only sad, a kind of depression which I cannot shake off, seems to have settled upon my spirits; it will soon pass away, I think." Frances now made an effort to recover her cheerfulness, but soon after her return home she sank upon a sofa, and gave herself up to a melancholy which she could not conquer.

"My dear child," said her father, "what can be the matter? I never saw you thus before; I fear you are ill."

Upon hearing this all the family clustered around their beloved sister, each striving to do something to alleviate her illness.

Calling Lucy to her Frances said in an under-tone after the family had dispersed a little, "I do not wish to alarm my father and the children, Lucy, but I am afraid that I am going to be ill, perhaps I have caught poor Mrs. Berry's fever. I have always before been where sickness was with impunity, but yesterday the invalid seemed so restless and in so much pain that I lean-

ed over her more than usual, and in that way may have taken the fever. I think it will be best for Eddy to be removed from here, and as Mrs. Ashton has often expressed a wish to have him with her for a few days, I should like for you to ask her to allow him to remain under your care until I am better; he loves you very much and will stay quietly where I request him to."

Lucy, of course, assured her beloved friend, that she would do all in her power make the little fellow happy, and Eddy readily promised to be a good child and mind what was said to him.

Mrs. Ashton received him with kindness, and Eddy, although at first a little repulsed by her manner, soon learned to be contented near her, particularly if he could have hold of Lucy's hand at the time; and when she went to see his sister, (with whom she passed as much time as possible,) he would wait her return with patience, never complaining and only mani-

festing his regret at her absence by sitting at the window and watching anxiously for her return, when he would run to her, clasp her around the neck and laugh as if perfectly delighted.

One morning Lucy met the physician as she was hastening to see her friend, and his sad looks alarmed her very much. "Oh! how is Miss Leonard?" said she with so much earnestness in her manner that the good doctor felt that it was one who loved his gentle patient, that inquired, and not wishing to distress the sweet child who spoke to him, he replied in as comforting a manner as truth would admit of: "She is very ill now, my dear, but I hope the best; it would be hard indeed to lose one so well fitted to live, as our dear Miss Leonard is."

"Oh! don't let her die, doctor," said Lucy, in such an artless yet soul-felt manner that it called the tears to the good physician's eyes.

"I will do all in my power, be assured

my child, but the result is with God. He alone who gives life can save it; Miss Leonard is in His hands, and He will do as will be for the best good of all concerned. Sad, and heart-sick, Lucy proceeded on her way; the morning was lovely, and at any other time the peace and beauty of the scene through which her path lay would have gladdened the spirit of the orphan; but now that her friend lay struggling for life, she could scarcely bear to see the sun shining as if it looked upon no misery or care, and every flower which bloomed so sweetly before her, and all the sights and sounds of joy and health which surrounded her, only made the contrast between them and the situation of her friend who lay so unconcious of them, the more striking. Lucy hastened on, and the grave faces, the low voices and the light steps of the family only confirmed her fears.

Frances was now in a deep sleep, and the doctor had said that when she woke it would only be to bid them adieu forever in this world, or to recover and live.

Lucy could scarcely attend to her school duties that day, she was so anxious about her friend, but her teacher, who knew the cause, kindly excused her and sympathized with her, as did all who knew Miss Leonard.

At night she stole into the sick room, and as she looked at the pale face of Frances, its shadowy appearance reminded her so forcibly of her mother's, in her last sickness, that the poor child made up her mind at once that her kind friend could not recover, and she returned hopelessly home, where Mrs. Ashton's frowns, (who was displeased with her domestics who had annoyed her more than usual that day,) did much to cause the orphan to realize that earth was a sad abiding place, notwithstanding its sights and sounds of beauty. But after fervently offering up her evening prayer, the gentle child felt reassured that her Heavenly Father would take care of her, and she sweetly sank to rest with her arm affectionately thrown

over Eddy who nestled to her as if for protection against those who had spoken to him harshly during the day. Lucy saw that there was a tear on the little slumberer's cheek, and once he awoke her muttering in broken sounds, "Eddy is dood boy," "Eddy Fanny's boy," in such sad tones that it made her weep. Softly she spoke to him and roused him from his troubled dreams, and an indignant flush, which her own ill treatment would never have called up, flitted across her cheek at the idea of any person speaking an unkindly word to so good a boy.

In the morning the artless words of the child confirmed the fears which the murmurings of his sleep had caused Lucy to have. Mrs. Ashton in a very amiable mood inquired with regard to Frances, and graciously gave Lucy permission to go over to Mr. Leonard's before school, and ascertain how she was, when Eddy burst out, "Eddy be dood boy, lady cross to Eddy when Lucy dorn yesterday; kiss Eddy, do,

and holding up his sweet little rosebud of a mouth to Mrs. Ashton, who could not for a moment resist this appeal, he ran after Lucy, and said, "Give Eddy's lub to sis Fanny, and tell her, he be dood boy;" he then returned to Mrs. Ashton and amused her with his innocent prattle until Lucy returned.

The joyful news awaited the orphan, that her friend would recover. She had awoke from the death-like sleep in which she had lain for so long a time, weak as an infant, but sane and as cheerful as could be expected.

Lucy was allowed to kiss her pale face and to press her thin hand. "How good you have been to me, my dear Lucy," said the invalid, "I shall never forget it." The orphan whispering that she had done nothing of any consequence, and assuring her of Eddy's welfare and delivering his message, left the room.

From this time Frances rapidly recovered, and in a few weeks she was able to

sit with the family, who loved her if possible better than before her illness; and as we must proceed with Lucy's history which from this time is unconnected with that of Frances, we must for the present dismiss her from our pages, in which she will be only occasionally mentioned again, and go on. But as our readers will like to know what became of her, we will gratify their wishes by telling them that she soon after this married an excellent clergyman, who was settled several hundred miles from L., and as Mr. Leonard could not bear to have his beloved child so far from him, he sold his property and went to live with his family in the place where his daughter was to dwell. Lucy regretted very much to part with them, but she knew that it must be thus, and bore the trial as well as she could. Eddy said, "Lucy come to see us," and Mrs. Ashton promised some time that perhaps she would go with her, and so the friends parted.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCHOOLMATES.

"Oh! 't is a world so bright and fair,
So free from earthly stain and care,
An angel might seclude him there,
Content through endless hours."

At school Lucy became acquainted with a very lovely young girl, of about her own age, between whom and herself a strong attachment grew up; in fact, the friends spent every leisure moment together, and greatly assisted each other in their studies. Emma Mason was the daughter of a wealthy merchant who owned an estate near Mrs. Ashton's, where his family usually passed the summer months. Her mother, a judicious woman, finding that the teacher of the village school was fully competent to discharge her duties, gladly sent Emma to

her, feeling assured that, under such care, her child would be improved in mind and heart. Emma was charming in face and form, free from all pretension, and possessed a heart ever ready to respond to the call of affection. She had one brother, to whom she was strongly attached, and Charles Mason deserved the love bestowed upon him by his parents and sister. He was no common boy; his was an elevated and happy nature, and wherever he went, as his fond sister said, "Children and dogs found him out, and attached themselves to him." Poor men and women looked into his eyes as he passed, and felt encouraged, from their expression of pity, to ask of him the charity which they knew he would not deny if he had anything to give. Charles was now at school, preparing for college; but Lucy felt almost as if she had seen him, Emma had told her so much about him.

"Oh, mamma, you would love her, I know," said Emma to her mother, "she is

so good, so pretty; she looks just like the picture of that beautiful lady which you keep in your drawer, and whom you told me once you wished you could find. I never see Lucy without thinking of it."

"What is her name, my dear?"

"Lucy Herbert; and she lives with cross Mrs. Ashton over by the elms, who only allows her to come to school part of the day; but our teacher says she learns as much in half the day as many of us do in the whole of it. Sometimes, mother, her eyes are red when she comes to school, and once I went to meet her, and found her crying as if her heart would break, sitting under the weeping willow between the school-house and Mrs. Ashton's. I do believe she is cross to Lucy, to whom I said so one day. But she is a good girl, I am sure, mamma, for she told me I must not speak so; for Mrs. Ashton was sick and in pain most of the time, and that she wished she could relieve her."

"She was right, my dear, for Mrs. Ash-

ton took her a poor orphan, I am told, without friends, and clothes and feeds her well. This, to be sure, is not her whole duty, and I know she is often unreasonable, but the little girl did just as she should have done in not speaking ill of a person who took her in, when she had no one to provide for her. She sets you a good example, my dear, and I hope I shall never hear you again say 'Cross Mrs. Ashton.' Remember, my child, that we all have our faults, and must not expect to find any one without them. Mrs. Ashton has had great affliction, she has lost a husband to whom she was much attached, and four lovely infants. You must think of this, my dear, and if you tell Lucy of it, perhaps it may make her feel more pity than she now does for the poor lady. She is always humane to the poor, I am told, although her manner of giving is perhaps forbidding. She does what she thinks proper in secret; and it is said that nothing offends her more than to be told of

her good deeds and to be praised for them. Thus you see, my dear, after all, Mrs. Ashton is not so bad a woman as you thought her. There are few without some good traits of character, and these are hers."

"I will remember what you have told me, dear mamma," said Emma, "and when I am tempted to speak against her again, I will think of her trials and stop. But, mother, may I not invite Lucy home with me on Saturday, if Mrs. Ashton will let her come? You will love her, I know, for she makes me try to be good when I am tempted to do wrong."

"Yes, my dear, you may go to Mrs. Ashton, and tell her that it is my request that Lucy should pass the afternoon with you on Saturday. But if she refuses, you must not be angry with her, but say that Wednesday will do as well, if she can then spare your little friend."

"Thank you, mamma;" and off ran the delighted child, happy in the prospect of imparting and receiving so much pleasure.

as she anticipated in a visit from her young schoolmate.

Emma was so impatient to communicate her good news to Lucy, that she could not wait at the school-house, but went nearly to Mrs. Ashton's to meet her. Lucy had just left the door as Emma approached, her face illuminated with smiles.

"Good morning, Lucy, you are coming to visit me on Saturday if Mrs. Ashton is willing, and I am to give her a message to that effect to-morrow."

"Your mother is very kind," replied Lucy, "and if Mrs. Ashton can spare me I shall be delighted to come. Oh! how much I thank your mamma for her goodness to a poor orphan." As she said this, the tears stood in her fine dark eyes, and Emma thought she more than ever resembled the picture of her mother's friend.

Lucy and Emma hastened to school, and never had the orphan appeared more lovely, or recited her lessons better than on that day. Her kind teacher frequently

looked at her, pleased to observe that the pensive expression which her features generally wore was replaced by a happy, animated look, which did not pass away during the day. Lucy was truly happy; child as she was, her affectionate heart had so long felt the necessity of loving and being loved, that every act of kindness done her added greatly to her limited joys. Mrs. Mason's disinterested goodness to her, the poor friendless orphan, had made her feel that the world was not so heartless a place as she had begun to fear it was. An excellent writer says, that many persons die from "a necessity for loving; that the space once filled so delightfully becomes intolerable, and death itself is a relief to an empty and unloving heart." Thus it had been with Lucy, and many and many a time had she wished herself beneath that green mound in the churchyard, where her dear mother's remains rested. She had been too well instructed, however, by that excellent parent to long

indulge in such thoughts or wishes ; she soon recalled the words of that mother, that none were so humble, or so young, or limited in their sphere of duty, as not to influence other minds, and assist in forming character ; and as she was determined at all events, if her life was spared, to get an education sufficient to instruct others, she realized, although young, the importance of controlling her own feelings, in order that she might teach others to do the same.

The next day Emma went with her mother's message to Mrs. Ashton, who was much surprised that Mrs. Mason should allow her daughter to associate with the little humble Lucy. She could not help admitting that she was a very lovely child, intelligent beyond her years, and very amiable ; but in her intercourse with the world, she had seldom met with those in the station which Mrs. Mason occupied, who would trouble themselves to notice a child thus situated.

Happening to be in an uncommonly good mood that morning, she consented that Lucy should make the much desired visit on Saturday; and was really so kind in her answer that Emma felt ashamed of having called her cross Mrs. Ashton. The truth was, the lady had not always been so irritable and uncomfortable a person to live with, but having been indulged all her days in almost every wish, the first great trouble which she had experienced, (the death of a husband who had loved and gratified her so much, that if her disposition was, naturally unamiable she had not manifested it at all during his lifetime,) had given her so great a shock and had soured her so much, that the agreeable and kind Mrs. Ashton of former times would never have been recognized in the fretful, complaining Mrs. Ashton, who now secluded herself almost entirely from society and dwelt upon imaginary illness, until she had actually, from want of exercise and injudi-

cious management, brought upon herself many very uncomfortable and painful sensations. If she had only lived for others, and even for a time have forgotten self, she might have been happy, but of this she was not yet convinced, and when the day for the visit arrived she was almost tempted to have it deferred, so necessary had Lucy's reading become to her; but when the sweet child entered her room prepared to depart with Emma, (who was impatiently waiting for her,) with a face the animation and happiness of which was for a moment shadowed by the fear which she came to express to her mistress, that perhaps she would suffer some inconvenience by having a stranger about her, that she could not detain her, but in kindly tones bade her go and enjoy herself.

"That is no common child," said Mrs. Ashton to herself, (as Lucy again stepped in to arrange the cushioned chair, and place the footstool as she knew her mis-

tress liked to have them,) "she is really pretty, really genteel. I must learn more with regard to her, she is so different from the rest of the people about me, and she is getting along with great rapidity in her studies. Only yesterday she surprised me by remarks beyond her years; she is certainly a sunbeam to me, and I must do something for her. But perhaps she will prove ungrateful as the rest have, though I do not believe it, for I have sometimes tried her much. She seems to desire an education more than anything else, and I would let her go to school all day, but I cannot get along without her. I should have this tormenting headache all the time, but she soothes it with her soft voice. One thing I can do, I will carefully select books proper for her to comprehend and remember." And settling herself for her afternoon nap, Mrs. Ashton felt that she had made quite a sacrifice in allowing Lucy to go to Mrs. Mason's, and that by doing what she had

determined upon, she should perform her whole duty to the orphan committed to her charge. Selfish people often satisfy themselves in this way, never realizing that God has given them an abundance, that with it they should do not merely a little good, but all the good they can ; and frequently when this is forgotten He deprives them of it, that they may be compelled to feel that they have not performed their whole duty when the means was in their power. Mrs. Ashton certainly felt much happier for the slight sacrifice of selfish feelings which she had made, and awoke from her nap refreshed and in a kinder frame of mind than she had been for some months.

In the mean time, the young friends tripped along as happy as the birds which sang above them. It was a bright and beautiful day, the earth was clad in a garb of richest hue, the sun was flooding it with his glory, the little songsters answered each other from the trees and boughs

wherein they had taken shelter, the insect's hum added also to the other pleasing sounds of nature. The hearts of the children were attuned to joy; and as they went on their way they both felt that this earth was a lovely home, and that its inhabitants should be very thankful to that Creator who had bestowed upon them so many blessings.

"Mrs. Ashton is, after all, very kind at times," said Emma. "I am sorry that I called her cross, Lucy, for she spoke so pleasantly to you and me both to-day, that I felt tempted to kneel at her feet and say so. And since mamma has told me of her trials, I have not wondered so much at her harshness; but she should not speak crossly to you, Lucy, for you are always ready to wait upon her."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus, Emma. Mrs. Ashton is kinder to me than I deserve, I am sure; I am getting used to her way of speaking, for I know she is in pain most of the time, and perhaps if it

was so with me I might not bear it as patiently as she does. But what afflictions did you refer to which were spoken of by your mother?"

"Did you not know that Mrs. Ashton had lost her husband and four sweet little children? Ever since mother told me of it, I have pitied her, and been very sorry for her."

"No, Emma, I never heard of this before; I knew she was a widow, but I did not know that she had lost children. Dear lady! it must have been their miniatures which I once saw her weeping over. I will try my best to make up their loss to her better than I have yet done."

"That is impossible, I am sure," replied Emma, "for you never think of yourself; and that is why I have always wondered that Mrs. Ashton could make you cry as I know she has done."

"Do not speak of that, Emma; I have often displeased her, I know, and was probably awkward, and she might have

thought that I did not try to suit her ; but lately she has, I think, felt that I was striving to do as well as I could, and if she has not, I hope to convince her of it. But here we are at your home."

CHAPTER IV.

LUCY'S VISIT, AND ITS RESULTS.

"Can I not win her love?
Is not her heart of penetrable stuff?
Will not submission, meekness, patience, truth,
Win her esteem? — a sole desire to please,
Conquer indifference? They must — they will!
Help me, kind Heaven — I'll try."

"Come in, children," said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Mason, as Lucy and Emma approached the house. Mrs. Mason was sitting at a window, and had been for some time observing the girls as they stopped in front of the door to look at the scene around them. She was astonished at the good sense evidenced in Lucy's remarks, and was gratified to know that her daughter had selected from the rest of the scholars such an one for an intimate friend.

"You seem to be fond of looking at nature," said Mrs. Mason.

"Yes, madam," replied Lucy, "I was just thinking how peaceful and beautiful this scene was, the landscape is so sunny, the songs of the summer birds are so joyous; and then, ma'am, I thought of what my dear mother used to say, that the summer was not the season for death, when everything was so glad; that winter was a more appropriate time to think of the grave, not when sunlight and fragrance was all around us. It was my mother that taught me to love the birds, the flowers, and everything in nature. She is dead, now, ma'am, but I often think I hear the sweet tones of her voice, as I used to when we walked together through the fields, or sat by the side of Pleasant Brook."

"How long has your mother been dead, my dear?"

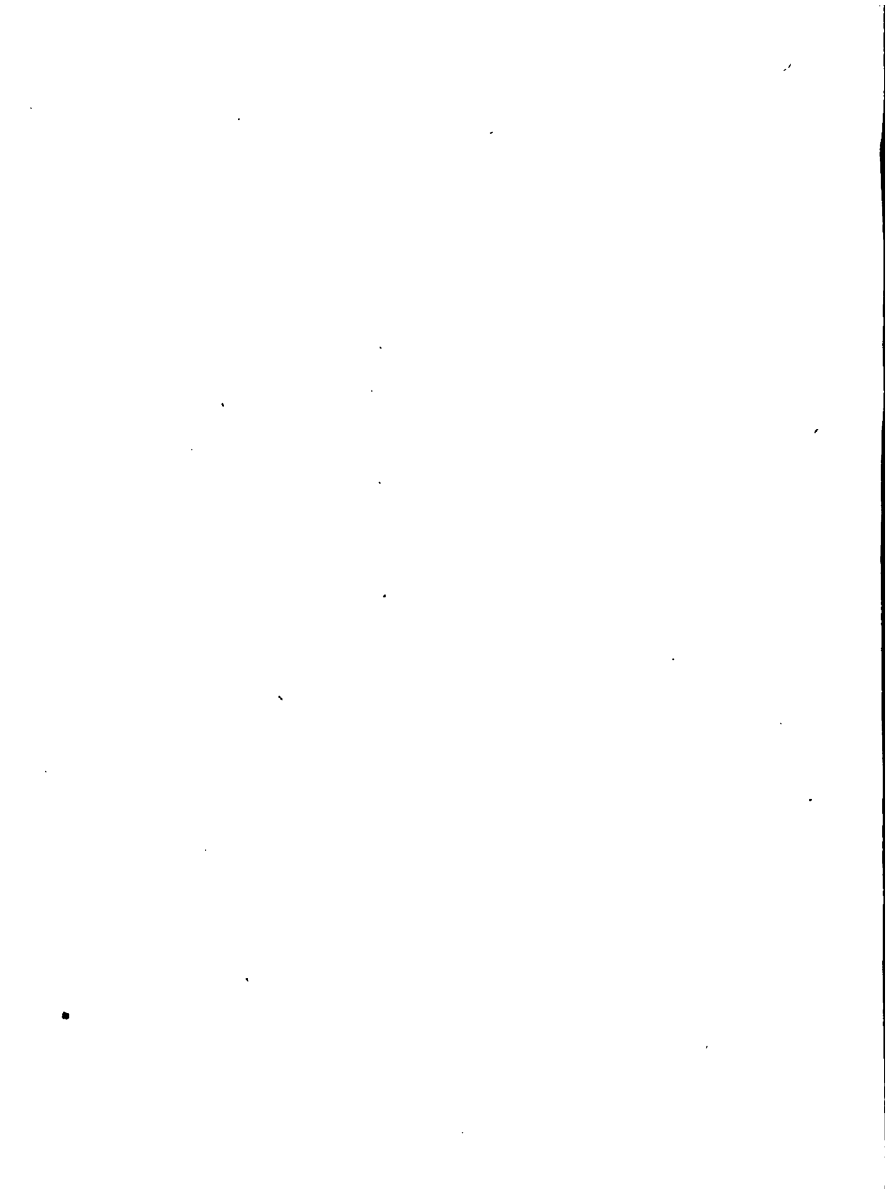
"Four years, madam."

"Did you live at L. before her death?"

“We lived about three miles from there, at a place called Pleasant Brook, because a beautiful little brook was there, which was overhung with trees, and in summer no prettier spot could be found, and the name was given it on that account. Our cottage was just at the end of the bridge that crosses the brook, and when we went there it was homely enough; but mother had excellent taste, and knew just how to make all around look well, and we had some beautiful flowers which she brought from our old home in the city, which was all that she took from there when we moved after father died; and we certainly had the finest roses, verbenas, and fuschias that I ever saw, and mother trained them all herself. She took care of them until a few days before she died, and I always think of her as I have so often seen her, leaning over her plants or training her vines. It was hard to part with those flowers, but I could not keep them, as I was to be with strangers,

HOME.





gers, who would not, of course, like to be troubled with them. Mrs. Ashton very kindly told me the other day that she wished I had not sold them, for she is fond of flowers, and would have liked them. But forgive me, ma'am, I am forgetting that this cannot be interesting to you ;” and with a modest blush Lucy ceased.

“She is certainly very beautiful,” thought Mrs. Mason, “and resembles my lost young friend so much, that if Isabel had been married, I should at once have believed Lucy to be her daughter. I must know further about this child, who has made an impression upon me with her artless and lovely ways which I shall not soon forget. I would ask her again of her mother, but it grieves her so much that I cannot do it. I will inquire of Mrs. Ashton ; perhaps she can tell me of the child’s history. I never saw so striking a likeness as she bears to Isabel, and I must know more of this matter.”

“Oh, Emma,” said Lucy to her little

friend, "your mother is so kind to me that I cannot help weeping. I have sometimes thought that no one cared for me; this was wrong, I know, but I think now I shall never feel so again."

"My mamma is kind to everybody, Lucy, and I knew she would love you; I told her so when we first became acquainted, and I am so glad that she does. I can always tell by her looks when she is pleased, and I found out in five minutes that she liked you."

"I hope it is so, Emma, for it would make me very happy to be beloved by your kind mamma."

The hours passed quickly to the two girls, who enjoyed every moment, and it was time for Lucy to return to Mrs. Ashton's, ere she could realize it. It had been the happiest afternoon she had spent since the Leonards left the village; and with a cordial invitation from Mrs. Mason, to repeat her visit very soon, she bade good-night to her friends, and started on her homeward way.

Her walk was delightful, and it seemed to the child as if the setting sun had never been so beautiful, she could not avoid stopping to look at it. It was just retiring behind a long range of blue undulating hills, touching their summits with a radiance too bright to gaze upon. The clear blue of the sky gave place around the sun, to a glowing saffron color, over which hung a rich drapery of crimson clouds. Farther towards the north was suspended now and then a purple cloud fringed with gold, and as Lucy looked upon it, her young heart overflowed with joy and thankfulness to the Author of all good, for His kindness to the children of men.

She found Mrs. Ashton more cheerful than usual, she listened with interest to Lucy's account of her visit, of Mrs. Mason's flowers, her kindness, &c., and when she retired for the night, she said, "You have made me very comfortable, my dear," in a kinder tone than the orphan had ever

heard her speak before. It would have gratified Lucy much to have been permitted to kiss her mistress before she left her, but she dared not do this, as she feared Mrs. Ashton would think she was taking a great liberty. On her bended knees that night the child thanked God for His kind care, and for His goodness to her in raising up friends, who she felt assured would in time love her if she did her duty, and renewing her resolve to do all in her power to make Mrs. Ashton forget those she had loved and lost, she sank into a sweet and refreshing slumber. She arose in the morning with the birds, and went about her usual early occupations, with more hope and pleasure than before. She gathered a lovely bouquet of wild flowers, that Mrs. Ashton might be gladdened with their beauty and fragrance, and everything she could think of to dispel that lady's melancholy, was done by the thoughtful child. She fervently wished that some of the joy which she felt could be imparted

to her friend, for the dew seemed to sparkle more brightly on the leaves, and the sky to look more blue and bright than usual, to the orphan who now felt that she had much to live for.

When Mrs. Ashton came down, she said, "What a beautiful bouquet, Lucy ; its fragrance is really refreshing. Where did you get it, my child ?"

"I have just gathered it, ma'am; the dew is still on the flower petals, and I am so glad that you like them, I will get them for you every morning, if you wish it."

"Thank you, my dear, I do love them very much, flowers are almost the only things which now look beautiful to me. I once had much to love, and make life desirable, but alas ! that time has passed, and this earth is now merely an abiding-place, where nothing smiles upon me but the flowers. Husband and children gone ; what a desert this world is to me."

"Let me be a child to you, dear lady," said Lucy emboldened by Mrs. Ashton's

remarks; "oh! let me do anything that will give you pleasure," and blushing at her own eagerness, Lucy stopped.

"What can you do, child?" mine are sorrows that no earthly hand can heal, sorrows which I cannot expose to the world, heartless and unfeeling as it is; I must bear them alone. But you are a good girl, and I thank you for your sympathy," added Mrs. Ashton, looking kindly upon her.

Day by day Mrs. Ashton grew more and more attached to Lucy, and under that right-minded and amiable child's influence she became a happier and a better woman. A long and severe fit of illness, during which Lucy's cares were unremitting, completed the effect which the orphan's constant desire to please had commenced upon her heart; and when the spring returned, and she was able once more to visit the country, (for she had passed the winter at L.) her mind was in such a state, that she really enjoyed the balmy

air, among the green hills and rich woods, and those scenes of peace and quietude carried their freshness deep into her weary heart, and nearly removed the gloomy feelings in which she had so long indulged. Her thoughts were purified, and dwelt more upon another and brighter world.

It was a happy time for the orphan ; the days were peaceful and serene, and brought with them nothing but heartfelt thankfulness and joy. Every day she attended school, and was making rapid advances in her studies ; her teacher was so kind and loved her so well, that Lucy tried her best to learn, and her promise to her mother of striving to get a good education was ever in her mind, and incited her to fresh endeavors. The evenings were occupied in preparing her lessons for the next day, and in reading to Mrs. Ashton, who was always careful to select such books as she imagined would benefit Lucy ; and the remarks and

comments which she made upon their contents were of great service to the child then, and in after-life, for Mrs. Ashton's education had been carefully attended to, and she knew well how to adapt her conversation to the capacities of those who listened to her.

And when the Sabbath came, oh! that was a happy day to Lucy, for now that Mrs. Ashton's health was so much improved, she was generally able to attend church, that little rustic church which seemed almost like an entrance into Heaven to the orphan. How softly the leaves of the old trees which overhung it rustled against the windows! how sweetly the birds sang without, and how balmy was the air which stole into the building, filling it with fragrance from the many-hued blossoms with which the fields were covered! How she loved the singing which was so sweet, so natural, and seemed more musical by far to her ears than that made by the organs in the city churches, and by

the voices from which art had stolen all melody. So months passed on, and the fervent attachment of the orphan was amply repaid by the love which her friends manifested towards her.

One beautiful evening, when the first shadows of night were settling down upon all nature, Mrs. Ashton called Lucy from her studies to see a visitor who had been closeted with her for an hour. She was surprised, upon entering the room, to be affectionately embraced by Mrs. Mason. This lady had always treated her with the utmost kindness, often with affection, but never before as if she were her own child, as she did now. The sensitive heart of the orphan was deeply touched by this goodness, and with overflowing eyes she pressed to her heart the kind hand which rested on her shoulder.

As soon as lights were brought in, Lucy saw that both ladies had been weeping, and Mrs. Mason still spoke in softened tones, as if yet affected by something which had

passed. She drew the child towards the light and said, "Did you ever see the person for whom this picture was taken, my dear?"

Lucy eagerly looked at it, and with an almost bursting heart replied, "Oh, madam, that is my dear mother's picture! Where did you get it? How much I have wished that I had it, although I cannot forget her looks. She often said that she never would have it taken; but once papa, before they were married, urged her so much that she sat for it; but she told me that it was given to a dear friend of hers, a Miss Colby, who with her parents had gone to live in some part of Europe, and whom she had not seen for years. She frequently said to Mrs. Bailey, (the kind friend who came to Mrs. Ashton's with me,) that she wished she had kept up the acquaintance with that lady, for she knew she would interest herself in her friend Isabel's orphan child."

"So she will, my dear girl. I was that

Miss Colby, and my dear Isabel's child shall never want a friend while I live. After we moved from L. we spent several years in travelling in Europe. I wrote to my friend frequently, but never heard from her in return. Time passed on, and I thought perhaps she had forgotten me, or had removed to some other part of the country. After my marriage I returned to live at L., and then made inquiries repeatedly, but could never learn more of Isabel, as her uncle's family with whom she lived had moved to the far south. I did not write to them, for I did not wish for a renewal of the acquaintance, as I never approved of their treatment of Isabel; and I learned from a friend at the south that she had left their family several years previously, and that they seemed to be offended if her name was mentioned in their presence. Emma had often seen me looking at that picture, and as soon as she saw you at school, she spoke of your resemblance to it. It was given me

as a parting present by Isabel, who told me it had been taken to please Mr. Herbert, who was a particular friend of hers, and to whom I knew she was attached, and at one time expected to marry; but her cousins broke off the match, and Isabel retained the picture. Hearing that Mrs. Bailey came with you to Mrs. Ashton's, I thought it probable she could tell me your mother's name before she was married, and perhaps I could in that way discover some cause for the striking resemblance which you bore to Isabel Morton. I could not find this lady for a long time, but at length succeeded in discovering her place of residence; and as soon as I learned that you were my dear friend's orphan, I hastened to Mrs. Ashton to gain her consent to your becoming a member of my own family, and holding a place in my heart with my own children. I have always loved you, but now that I know you are Isabel's child, I feel doubly happy in offering you a home. If Mrs.

Ashton consents, my dear, you shall be to me as a child, and Emma will gladly welcome you as a sister. My husband, also, will receive you with open arms, for he was almost as much interested in your dear mother as myself."

"The decision rests with Lucy," said Mrs. Ashton. "I have been very happy with her for a long time; to her I owe, under Heaven, health, cheerfulness, comfort, and greater freedom from melancholy thoughts, than I have experienced for years. I had fondly hoped to keep her with me while I lived; I have provided for her in my will, and had determined to adopt her as a child. I mean not to be too selfish, however, and you, Mrs. Mason, certainly have the best claim upon her as her mother's friend. You have children, I have none: God has taken all mine, and this dear child was, with her lovely, disinterested disposition, perhaps learning me to love her too well. I have to-day," continued Mrs. Ashton, "visited the graves

of those I have lost, for I feel *now* a pensiveness which is far from disagreeable in being near their last resting-place ; I am always, when there, impressed with the idea that the spirits of the departed are hovering over and ministering to me : this belief I wish ever to retain. If it is mere fancy, I hope never to be roused from the beautiful dream. If I had nothing else to thank our dear Lucy for, this alone (and I have much besides) has been a source of inexpressible comfort to me. In speaking of her mother's views on this subject, and in expressing her firm belief that her parent still hovered over her as her guardian angel, she has led me to adopt the same idea, which has found its way all unsought for into my heart. I also wish to make amends to the dear girl for my former neglect and cold unkindness, which I know must have deeply grieved her sensitive heart. She bore my ill treatment in silence, uncomplainingly, and without asking for the sympathy of any one ; but I

now know that her affectionate heart was near breaking with its load of sorrow. Often have I seen the tear in her eye, and heard her voice falter; wrapped up in my own selfishness I took no notice of it, but went on refusing the comfort offered me with an obstinacy which deserved punishment. I must make some amends to the dear girl for all this, and gladly, most gladly will I take her for my own, if she consents to the proposition. She alone must decide, and do not be hasty, my dear Lucy; do not let pity for my loneliness induce you to accept my offer in preference to that of one who has always treated you with the utmost kindness. With me you will meet with but few companions of your own age, and my years and sadness cannot be very agreeable to one so young. With Mrs. Mason you will be constantly in the society of your friend Emma, and in a circle where you will always find cheerful and pleasant companions."

"My choice is made, dear ladies," re-

plied Lucy; "I know that it is my duty to remain with Mrs. Ashton; she is alone, and you, my dear Mrs. Mason, have husband, children, and everything to dispel grief if it comes. I feel that such would have been my mother's advice, much as she loved her dear friend. She always said, 'Do your duty, my child, and all will be right in the end.' I have ever found it thus, and my choice is made. The blessings of the orphan, dear ladies, shall ever be called down upon you for your goodness to me, but I can never consent to be a burthen upon either. I will continue to do all in my power to manifest to both that I am not ungrateful; but I wish to follow out my mother's plan as soon as I have education sufficient to teach, and in that way earn my own living; I could not bear, dear friends, to depend entirely upon your bounty, when so many others need it more. My beloved teacher is about changing her situation in a few months, and as an instructress for the smaller chil-

dren is wanted, I am told that I can have the place; and as I instruct others, I can still be preparing myself for another situation, which I hope some day to be fitted to occupy. Oh, that I could do something by which I could prove to you that your kindness has not been bestowed upon one who is ungrateful."

"You are daily doing this, my dear," said both ladies, who in their hearts could not help admiring the right-mindedness which induced Lucy to wish to be independent. "I feel that your decision is right, Lucy," replied Mrs. Mason. "Mrs. Ashton needs you most, and I must not be so selfish as to wish to deprive her of your society; but remember, my dear, that the home and heart of your mother's friend are ever open to you, and that, so far from conferring a benefit upon you, she feels that she is receiving one by your society. Your plan of taking the school I think a good one, and Emma shall attend it several months longer, as I prefer this course

to her going from home at present. You are nearly of the same age, I know, but Emma loves you so well, that she will never take advantage of that before the scholars. Your example has already been of great advantage to her, and for that I have much to thank you. I am sure that you will succeed, for the spirit you manifest is a right one."

Mrs. Ashton cordially entered into this arrangement, realizing that it would be more for Lucy's happiness to be in a measure independent, though the determination remained fixed in her own mind that her will should remain unaltered. She was touched deeply by the affection which the orphan had evidenced for her in the decision she had made, and determined that nothing which a mother could do to make a child happy should be omitted on her part. "She shall love and confide in me as she would in her own parent," said Mrs. Ashton to herself, "and in that way each of us will enjoy the society of the other."

She said nothing farther to Lucy with regard to the provision which she had made for her, fearing lest she should wound the young girl's delicacy by thus doing. All went on as before, and Lucy rejoiced in realizing that she had done and was still doing as her conscience assured her was right; and if fervent prayers and blessings gushing from a full heart were heard in heaven, those which the orphan called down on her kind friends caused happiness and peace to rest upon them

CHAPTER V.

LUCY AS A TEACHER AND AS A WIFE.

"Gentle and true of heart, I see thee still,
Abstractly bending o'er the storied tome,
While the deep lines of meditation steal
Unfrowning o'er thy brow. I see thee still, —
Thine eye upraised at Friendship's sacred smile,
Pouring the heart's warm treasures freely forth
In guileless confidence."

LUCY was now nearly seventeen, and there beamed from her full dark eye an expression of intelligence which told of deeper thoughts than those of childhood. She was still acquiring the treasures of knowledge with great rapidity; at times she seemed abstracted from scenes around her, and absorbed in the contemplation of higher and holier things; at others she was full of life and animation, and would lead in the gay sports of her companions

with spirit and energy ; there was always a quiet dignity about her, however, which made her appear of maturer years than she really was.

It was on a morning in June, bright, beautiful, and leafy June, that she first commenced school-keeping. It was a happy day to Lucy, for she felt that she was in the way of her duty, and that she was about being engaged in an avocation which would have met with the approbation of her sainted mother. This thought gave her much joy ; and as she went on her way to school, she looked up with love and reverence to her kind heavenly Father, who had raised up friends for her, and had filled her life with mercies and blessings.

Lucy loved children, and teaching them she had always believed would be to her a delightful employment. Day by day she became more attached to the path she had chosen. The children whom she instructed almost worshipped her ; she won their

love at once by entering into all their joys and sorrows, and by constantly planning something for their happiness. They were so fearful of wounding her feelings, that even the most roguish of them would strive to be sedate and set a good example to the others, lest dear Miss Lucy (as they called her) should not love them. A pleasanter or more orderly school could not be found in all the country round; or scholars that learned faster, or better understood what was taught them. The parents respected and loved the teacher who had won the affection of their children, and who was so conscientious in the discharge of her duties; each vied with the other in treating her with attention and kindness, and the orphan felt that now she had everything to live for, and that every one strove to make her happy.

The strength of real virtue and greatness of soul will, in the end, triumph over all temptations and obstacles, and thus it had been with Lucy. By a conscientious

discharge of her duty towards Mrs. Ashton, she had, though late, won her love, and by acting from the promptings of a heart and mind, gifted with some of the highest and purest attributes of our nature, she had overcome difficulties which to many would have seemed insurmountable. Her example was producing the most salutary effect upon Mrs. Ashton, who loved her almost as well as if she had been her own child. She saw that Lucy strove, by every way in her power, to make her comfortable and happy; she made no parade of her kindness, but quietly and gently the most agreeable thing was done in the most unostentatious manner.

Affection *acted* is far more touching than when *spoken*; and the smile which the orphan received in return for her treatment of her friend always amply compensated her for any sacrifice of her own convenience which she had made.

I must now pass rapidly over the incidents which took place in Lucy's history

for several months. It is sufficient to say, that during that time she well and nobly acted her part, and gave great satisfaction to her friends and her employers, who, after examining the school, pronounced themselves highly gratified with the progress which the children had made during the time they had been under Miss Herbert's care, and hoped she would long continue to be their teacher. This, of course, was truly gratifying to Lucy, who had succeeded better with her school than she had dared to anticipate. She frequently said, that "She was sure her scholars were the best children in the world and the easiest to manage, and to them more than to herself was due the praise which the committee had bestowed upon their appearance at the examination."

Lucy was to have four weeks' vacation, and, with Mrs. Ashton's approbation, she had engaged to pass the most of it with her friend Emma, who, with her mother, were anticipating much pleasure from the visit.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Lucy," said Emma. "Brother will be at home, next week, and we shall enjoy ourselves better, for he is always cheerful, and will attend us in all our rambles."

"I am delighted for your sake, my dear girl; it must make you happy to have your brother with you, and such a brother as you have told me he is."

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear, and then you will see if I have exaggerated his merits."

"I have no doubt that all you have said of him is true, Emma. I have heard others besides yourself speak of him as an excellent son, and a good son must, of course, be a good brother. Mrs. Ashton said, a few days since, that he was quite a favorite of hers, and she wished he would return."

"Yes, Lucy, I will tell you how Mrs. Ashton happened to fancy Charles. She had a beautiful dog, which had belonged to one of her sons; of this animal she was

very fond, and he was petted almost as much as some people pet their children. He seldom left the house, unless some member of the family was with him. But one day a little lad coaxed him out of the yard, and began to tease him ; this the dog being wholly unaccustomed to, resented by biting the boy, slightly, however, but enough to make him very angry with Ponto, whom he resolved to punish by drowning in the brook. Charles was out for a walk that morning, and fortunately came up just in time to save the life of the dog ; a stone was already tied to his neck, and the boy was upon the point of throwing him into the water. Charles succeeded in buying off Ponto, whom he immediately returned to Mrs. Ashton, who has ever since been much attached to him. Charley always said Mrs. Ashton was never cross to him, and as it seemed to be a comfort to her to have him visit her, mother allowed him to go there frequently when he was a little boy.

I visited the lady only at long intervals, for she looked so cross that I did not like to go. But how much she has changed, Lucy, her whole manner, and even the expression of her face; I told mother yesterday that I thought her really a fine looking lady for her age. This change I attribute mainly to your influence, as you certainly always cause the sun to shine wherever you go; no dark clouds are seen on the faces of people when you are present."

"Your partiality blinds you, Emma, so much that you cannot see my faults, of which I am well aware I have many; I am very grateful for your affection, however, and hope to deserve it. With regard to the change in Mrs. Ashton, her spirits have certainly improved with her health, which has been greatly benefitted by the exercise in the open air which she now constantly takes, and she has read more recently than she formerly did. This, with her garden and the cheerful conversation

around her, has caused her in a measure to forget her deep sorrows ; or at least by occupying her mind with other things, she is prevented from dwelling upon them constantly."

"You will never allow any one to praise you, Lucy, but if we do it not in words, yet our hearts praise you ; in fact, you seem to be the pet teacher of the village, and it was only last week that I heard our clergyman say to mother, that 'Such an admirable teacher must make an excellent wife.' Mother replied that 'She knew of no one who would make a better or more agreeable companion than yourself.' So, my dear, I expect soon to hear that our good Mr. Parker has proposed to you, and that our little teacher is to become Mrs. Parker in due time. But I have other views for you, and certainly hope Mr. Parker will look somewhere else for a wife. A widower, with two children, is not just the partner for life whom I should select for my friend, although I know that

he is a most exemplary man, and every way worthy of a suitable person of his own age."

"I should chide you, my dear Emma," replied Lucy, blushing, "if I was not quite sure that you must be jesting. Mr. Parker would never think of so young a person as myself for a wife, or for a guardian to his children."

"We shall see, time will show; many more improbable things have taken place, my dear. But I certainly had much rather see you the wife of the lawyer, than of the minister; but of that matter I will say nothing more at present."

Time did show, as Emma said it would, and the good minister did propose to Lucy, but his offer was respectfully but firmly declined by her, as she told him she dared not take upon herself such a responsibility; and the good man retired from her presence respecting her more than ever, and in a few weeks he married a lady, every way suited to fill the responsible situ-

ation of wife to a clergyman and mother to his motherless babes.

With regard to the lawyer whom Emma alluded to in her conversation with Lucy, we have still something more to say. He will soon make his appearance, and will speak for himself as everybody knows lawyers are apt to do.

Brightly shone the sun on the morning of the day in which Charles Mason was expected home ; Emma was full of animation, and could see and hear nothing but sights and sounds of joy. Early in the afternoon Charles came ; and as Lucy looked at his frank, handsome countenance, and observed his easy, affectionate, and prepossessing air, she did not wonder at the pride and affection for him which his parents and sister felt.

He had passed through college with credit and honor to himself, and had selected the law as a profession, because he believed that it would be in his power in this situation greatly to benefit his fellow-

creatures. He had just been admitted to the bar, and had decided to settle and commence practice in L. He was strictly conscientious, and had made up his mind never to take a case which he could not defend without a firm belief in its justice.

The four weeks of Lucy's vacation passed rapidly away, and, much as she loved her scholars, she found herself wishing that it had been a little longer; why, she scarcely allowed herself to admit, unless it was that she was always so happy when with Emma. But somehow the walks and rides in this vacation had seemed unusually delightful. One reason for it certainly was, that Mr. Mason had generously presented her with a beautiful little pony, and Charles had taken great pains to learn her how to ride and manage him. Emma had one also, and the friends were never happier than when engaged in the exhilarating, health-giving amusement of riding on horseback. The time did not appear to hang heavily on the hands of the young

lawyer either ; and as for Emma, she was most of the time quite wild with delight for some reason which her tongue did not utter, but which her roguish eyes seemed every moment upon the point of betraying. She did succeed, however, (unlike women generally,) as the gentlemen are pleased to say, in keeping the secret which somehow made her wish to embrace Lucy twenty times a day.

Lucy's scholars were delighted to see her again, and as she received their affectionate greetings, she reproached herself for having wished the vacation longer. Mr. and Mrs. Mason proposed that Lucy and Emma should study together every evening, either at Mrs. Ashton's or at their house, and Charles offered very kindly to assist them. This met with the approbation of all, and it was astonishing how fast they progressed in the various branches which they pursued. Two of the party appeared, however, to go on in one study (not found in their books) with



THE RIDE.

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greater rapidity than the other. On this subject, however, all remained silent; if any language was made use of, it was that of the eye; and every one will admit that no *spoken* words can be so expressive *on certain subjects*, as this wordless language.

So months glided away, the days were peaceful and serene, and the evenings were delightfully and usefully occupied. Lucy had been solicited to take charge of a young ladies' seminary at L.; but for some reason which she said but little about, she declined what was certainly a very advantageous offer. She asked the advice of Mrs. Ashton and Mrs. Mason, both of whom considered it better for her to remain where she was. Why they smiled when they gave this advice we do not say, or why the teacher blushed so much always, upon being questioned with regard to the matter. "Time will show," to repeat one of Emma's favorite sayings. Mrs. Mason had presented the picture of Mrs.

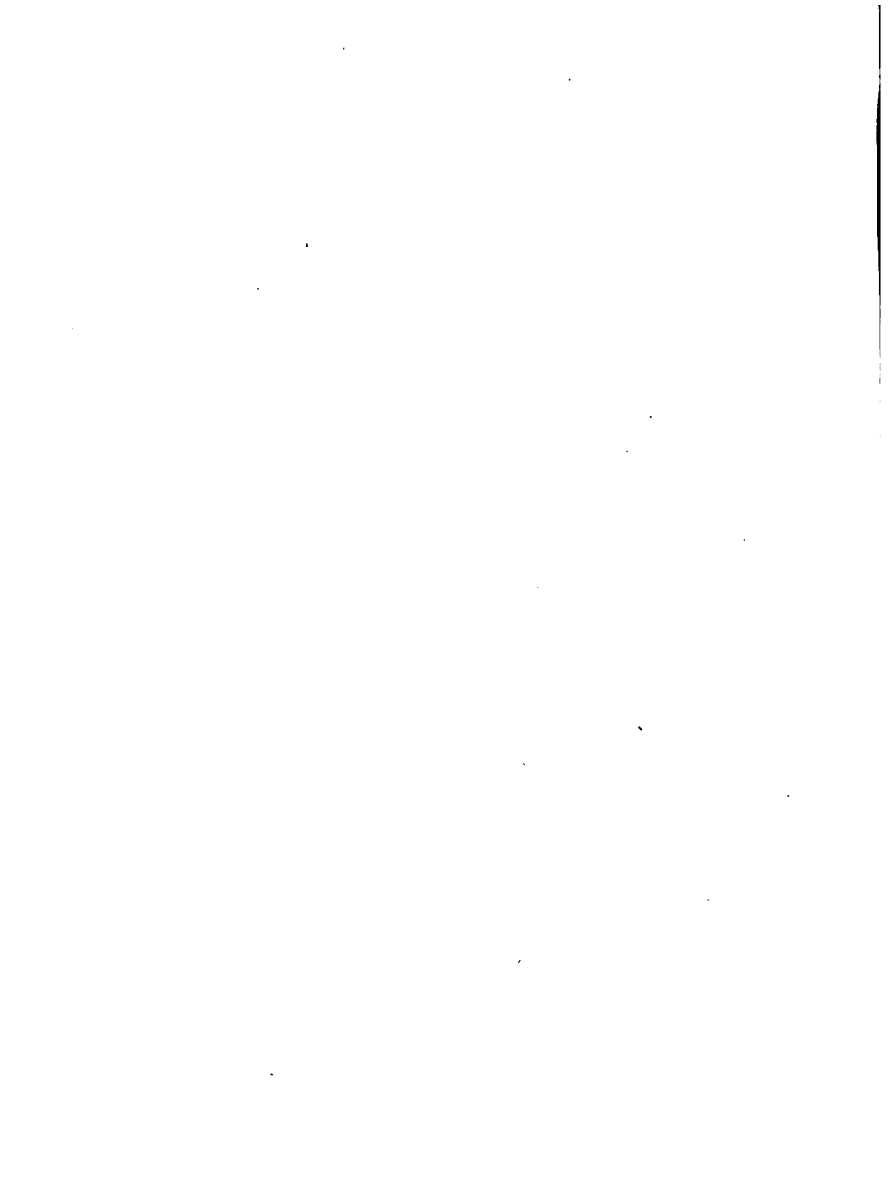
Herbert to her daughter, feeling that, much as she valued it, she had no right to deprive the orphan of this memento of a mother whom she had loved so well.

One day Charles Mason surprised Lucy sitting in a grove which terminated a favorite walk of hers, shedding tears over this image of the loved and lost. He gradually led her on in conversation, until she told him much with regard to her mother which he had not known before. Lucy at last spoke of the spot where her parent was buried, and mentioned that she wished much to visit it. Upon hearing this, Charles appointed a day to convey her there. With tears of gratitude the orphan looked the thanks she could not utter.

It was a lovely day on which Charles and Lucy repaired to her mother's grave, and the orphan felt that never had the cottage where she had passed so many years, looked so prettily. The rose and honeysuckle, which her mother's hand had planted, clung to its walls, the ivy



THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.



twined itself around the trees, and the garden flowers perfumed the air with delicious fragrance. The little church-yard, with its humble mounds, was to Lucy a far holier place than many where she had seen the costly monument and the storied urn. Her heart was filled with gratitude to the humble villagers who had kept the quiet resting-place of her parent entirely free from weeds and rank grass; no unsightly thing had been suffered to grow near it, and the roses and vines which she had planted had been cared for and pruned, as if she had herself been there to look after them. With deep feeling the orphan thanked them for their kindness, and her sweet and gentle manner as she did this amply compensated them for the labor they had bestowed upon the spot, and they readily promised always to keep it in the same order. Lucy wept for the mother she had lost sadly, but without suffering deeply; for she realized that her spirit was not there in the cold ground,

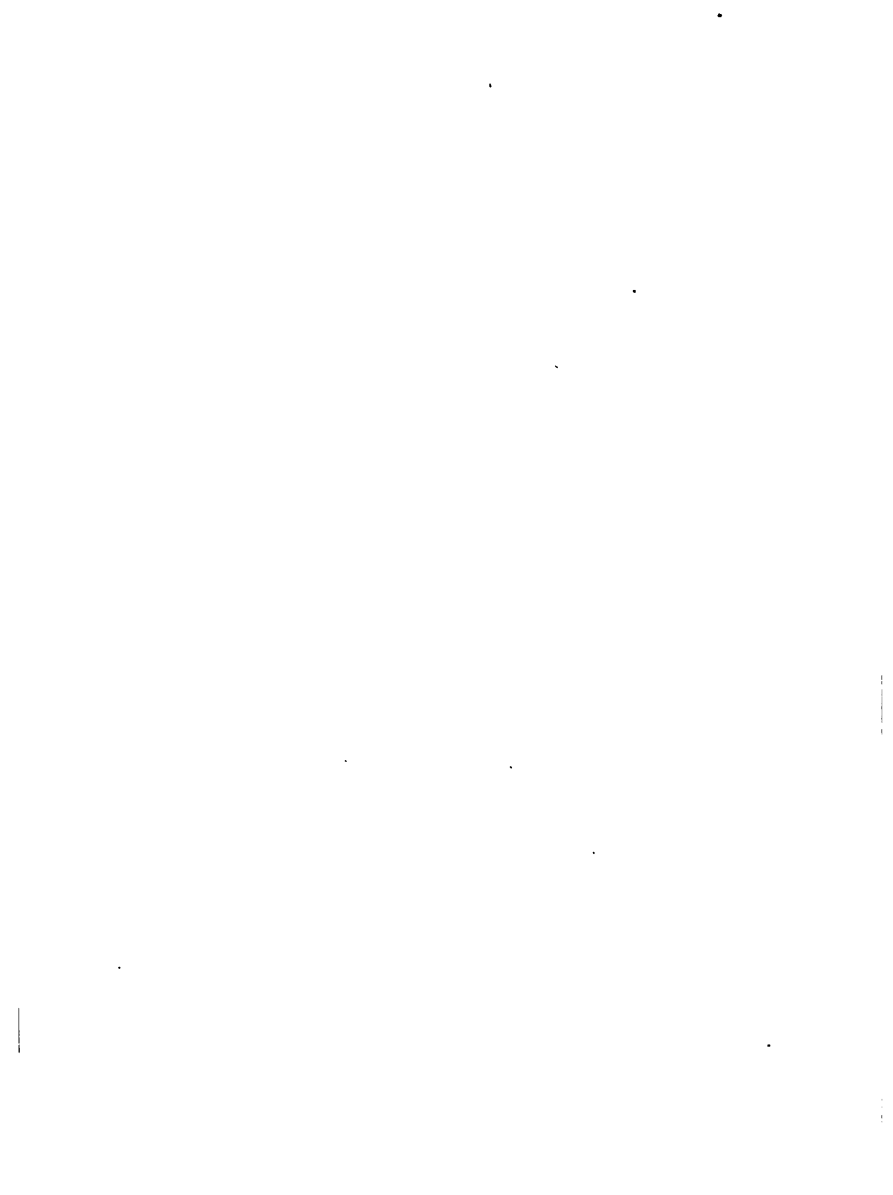
but in that bright world where care and sorrow never enter. Charles now whispered a few words in her ear which caused her tears to flow more than before, but these were happy tears, saddened only by the thought that her mother could not also hear them. It was almost too much happiness to bear, and the orphan felt for a time completely overpowered; in a few moments, however, she replied to the whisper of the young man, in a manner which would have made Emma feel quite certain that her wish with regard to Lucy's preference for a lawyer was fully realized.

Mrs. Mason was at Mrs. Ashton's, awaiting the return of Charles and Lucy, and as she gently drew the orphan towards her and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, Lucy realized that she had found a mother who would do all in her power to promote her happiness and make up to her, as far as mortal might, the loss which she had sustained.

A few weeks after this, Lucy gave up



THE LOVER'S SEAT.



her school. Many tears were shed, both by teacher and scholars, upon the occasion; but scholars and parents rejoiced in the good fortune of one, whom all felt would be just as amiable in prosperity as she had been in adversity.

But little more remains to be told. In a few months Lucy Herbert and Charles Mason were married, all Lucy's scholars being by particular invitation present at the wedding. After the ceremony they returned to Mrs. Ashton's, with whom they were to reside, as this was that lady's desire, who had adopted Lucy as her daughter.

Mrs. Ashton was now really happy in the contemplation of the joy of those on whom she had bestowed her warmest affection, and she bade fair to enjoy, during the remainder of her days, the greatest felicity that age and worth can know.

Lucy's character was just as lovely in prosperity, as it had been when sorrows deep and many beset her path. She was the life and joy of her home, greatly be-

loved by her friends, and almost worshipped by the poor; for she never forgot that she had once, like them, been in adversity, and in doing good to others, she enjoyed the greatest happiness which can be found in this life.

Frances Leonard, or rather Mrs. Clark, was at Lucy's wedding, also little Eddy, who was now quite a large boy, and entered into the sports of the children with his whole heart; and, amongst the crowd, none appeared to rejoice more in the prospect of his beloved friend's happiness.

A few weeks after Lucy's marriage, the children who had formerly attended her school, with the consent and assistance of their parents, gave a Picnic particularly on their teacher's account, and the important affair was to be kept a profound secret until all was ready, when little Eddy, who was known to be a great favorite of Miss Lucy, was to convey the invitation to the young bride and her husband. Mrs. Mason (Emma's mother) was privy

to the affair, and offered her grounds, which were extensive, for the occasion.

Now all hands were busy and all hearts were glad at the prospect of the pleasure which they hoped to confer upon Lucy, and little hearts swelled proudly, and little lips closed firmly, lest the important matter should be betrayed ere the proper time should arrive. Mrs. Mason and Emma spared no pains to make the whole affair as delightful as possible, and willing hearts and ready hands carried out their suggestions, and flew to execute their commissions.

Eddy, remembering how delightful a thing it was to bestow a present upon sister Frances, thought it would add much to the pleasure of all concerned if a present was made to young Mrs. Mason on the occasion; and, after consulting Mrs. Ashton and Mrs. Mason the elder, it was resolved that a silver basket contributed by the children should be the article presented, as in this beauty and utility could be

combined. When this was mentioned to the children, they were so enthusiastic in the matter, that they could scarcely wait until Mrs. Mason could procure it from L. Each, even the smallest, was allowed to contribute his mite, and with the entire approbation of their parents the basket was purchased. One of the best little girls was to present it as a reward for her good behavior at school during the last term. Emma Mason composed an address which she was to deliver upon the occasion.

Billy, the Canary, was still living, and although getting pretty old, yet he had been so well cared for, that he could upon great occasions utter a few notes, which yet partook of the sweetness of his more youthful songs. Eddy Leonard engaged to bring him to the arbor where all were to meet when the basket was presented, without Miss Lucy's discovering his absence, and it was greatly hoped he would do full justice to himself on the important

occasion. Jock, Lucy's pony, and Dick, Emma's faithful Bucephalus, dressed in garlands made of oak-leaves and flowers, and harnessed in a carriage, were to convey young Mr. and Mrs. Mason to the arbor; they were to be driven by Eddy, who had been practising driving two-in-hand for a long time, that he might officiate on the great occasion.

All was at length ready, the preparations were completed, everybody knew their part, and the prospect of beautiful weather seemed certain. They now waited the arrival of Lucy's early friend, Mrs. Bailey, to issue the only invitation which was yet to be given, and to divulge the secret to the only two persons in the vicinity, who were not aware of it.

A finer morning never broke, and the sun never shone brighter than on the day of the children's picnic. Mrs. Bailey arrived in due season, and was warmly welcomed by Lucy, who had not seen her for a long time, she having been ab-

sent with a sick friend for several months. She had been in the house but a few minutes, when Eddy Leonard, dressed in character, presented the invitation to Lucy and her husband; and as some of my readers may like to know how it was written, they may listen if they can while Lucy reads it to Charles:

“Miss Lucy’s scholars, being desirous of evidencing their love and respect to their former teacher, request the pleasure of her company with her husband, at Mason’s Grove this morning, at ten o’clock. A carriage will be sent for them at that hour.

“With sincere love.”

(Signed by each of her scholars. Then followed the names of all who had ever attended Lucy’s school.)

The invitation was as cordially accepted as given; and feeling as youthful and happy as any one of her scholars, Lucy prepared to go to the picnic.

At the appointed hour the carriage was

at the door, and Jock and Dick, seeming to be as proud of their part of the performance as Eddy was of his, bore their fair burthen to the arbor, where she was received by six little girls dressed in white, with wreaths of half-blown roses on their heads, and conducted to a seat in the alcove. This Lucy attempted modestly to decline, but her friends insisted that she must not disappoint the wishes of her scholars on that day, or interrupt the order of arrangements. So, covered with modest blushes which became her very much, the sweet bride took her seat. Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Ashton, and other friends, sat near her, lest she should feel embarrassed at being placed in so conspicuous a situation.

The first thing which attracted Lucy's attention was her mother's picture, newly framed and wreathed with white flowers. This was a delicate surprise, and instantly her eyes sought those of her husband, who alone, she felt assured, would have

thought of giving her this acceptable tribute of affection. The next moment, upon turning her head, she saw Billy in a cage, which was also wreathed with leaves and flowers. She reached out her hand to him, when, as if at her wish, his cage-door opened, and Billy, now too tame and too much accustomed to his place to attempt to fly away, perched on her shoulder and poured forth (perhaps inspired by the noise), such a gush of melody as had never been exceeded by any Canary before or since, probably. Delighted, she leaned forward, and clasping the hand of her friend Mrs. Mason, she said, "How kind, how delicate, how undeserved."

Her attention was now called to the approach of a perfect little Hebe, who came forward, and with one of the sweetest voices in the world said, "Will Miss Lucy please accept from her scholars this basket as a token of their dear love for her, and as a mark of respect and attention from

those in whose hearts the memory of her constant kindness will dwell forever?"

This was almost too much for Lucy's tender loving heart to bear, and for a moment she could not speak from the emotions of joy and love which filled her breast. At length she arose and modestly addressed them:

"My dear friends and scholars, — I thank you all for the agreeable surprise which you have prepared for me; I thank you for your useful and beautiful present, so delicately bestowed; but, above all, I thank you for the untiring love which you have lavished upon the orphan who came among you homeless and almost friendless. You have wiped away her tears, and although she could not forget the loved and lost, yet you have amply made up to her as much as mortals might, those great losses which she has sustained, and made her as happy as she may be, in a world where perfect happiness cannot exist."

Lucy now sat down, and was immediately surrounded by friends, who eagerly congratulated her upon her marriage with the object of her choice, and bestowed upon her their best wishes for her future happiness, and expressed their delight at having her settled among them.

After this, all were dispersed among the grounds, and enjoyed themselves in the manner most agreeable, until they were called to partake of the collation, when the parties separated, everybody saying that they had never passed a pleasanter day.

And here we must leave our friend Lucy, truly happy in the enjoyment of the blessings bestowed by the Author of all good.

THE END.

